A Wench for a VVeauer.

A Wench for a Weauer here you ſhall finde,
In defending his trade brought her to his minde.
To the tune of hang vp my Shuttle

The Weauer.

IT chanced on a day,
as I was walking,
In the pleaſant Month of May,
with my Loue talking:
Moſt friendly arme in arme,
the weather being warme,
I ſwar I thought no harme,
as I am a Weauer.

The ſubſtance of my ſpeech.
as we were going,
Was I did this maid beſeech,
my requeſt in wooing
Grant me thy loue quoth he,
or one ſweet ſmile from thée,
May walking but with me,
thou bonny weauer.

The Maid.

The Maiden then replide,
ſure you are but ieſting,
Your words muſt be denide,
of your requeſting.
Without you can declare
your wits then doe not ſpare,
How Ile line out of care,
you bring a weauer.

For the common ſpéech is rife,
that Ile implore
To be a Weauers wife
is to liue poore.
Then cléere but you this caſe,
why a Weauer is counted baſe,
Then you I will imbrace,
none like a weauer.

The Weauer.

Vouchſafe true loue and deare,
ſince we came hither,
Theſe ſlanderous words Ile cléere,
lets goe together.
If the Blake from the Wée you pill,
the worſt you néeds muſt kill,
So through husbands that are ill,
diſgract are weauers.

Yet there are more as well as twoe,
that haue diſgraces,
As you may plainly ſée
in diuers places.
For the richeſt of you all,
if your meanes begin to fall,
Then your trades worſe then all,
as well as weauers.

The Maid.

Then I ſée tis pouerty
that brands thy ſlander:
Yet I haue heard of thée
thou haſt borne Commander.
Who gone now are thoſe dayes,
and other beares the ſwayes,
Yet thou haſt had the praiſe
none like a weauer.

Séeing thou haſt reſolued me
of what I asked:
All the world plaine may ſée
you are bainly tared.
Yet ſhow me the ground of all,
and how you firſt did fall,
That I may ſpeake of all,
in praiſe of weauers.

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The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

The Weauer.

MY Loue at thy requeſt,
then ſhall to marry me:
For why I loue thee beſt,
then vnderſtand me.
Fortune ſometimes frowneſ,
he raiſeth and pulleth downe
As well Cities as Townes,
then why not weauers.

Canning Strát you know,
where cloth is ſelling:
Weauers haue made the ſhow
in their houſes dwelling.
Tho they be gone and dead,
and Drapers crept in ſtead,
Yet I beard and read,
there dwelt braue weauers.

Iacke of Naberie,
tho he be dead and rotten,
Of Weauers ſambe was he,
he ſhould not be forgotten.
Two hundred and fifty lomes
to maintaine he preſumes,
That he neareth now the tombes
of worthy weauers.

Cheapſide amongſt the reſt
ſhall not be forgotten,
There are ſome that make teſts,
to ſée them broken.
It is ſilke-men that doe breake,
they cannot hold their are ſo weake,
And more would go to racke,
were't not for weauers.

Be not ſo proud in heart,
although you flouriſh,
Giue Weauers due deſart,
for we doe them nourriſh.

A Weauer they cannot want,
if they ſhould their hart would pant
And they would ſée more want:
then loue a weauer.

To write more then is my ſhare
I ſhould be ſorry:
The truth I will not ſpare,
I haue read a ſtory
Of a Weauer that was a King,
whoſe fame through the world did
Which makes me merily ſing (ring,
ſpeake well of weauers.

In thoſe Golden dayes,
weauers had pleaſure:
None like them then had prayſe,
they gained much treaſure.
Weauing did ſo excell,
none like them did ſo well:
Of all trades they bare the bell,
ſpeake well of weauers.

If any offended be
at this my writing,
That no eloquence he ſée
in my inditing:
Pardon me for this time,
though ſimply now I rime,
For here I meane to clime
in praiſe of weauers.

Thus here I end my ſong,
and eke my ſtory,
I hope I haue done no wrong,
if I haue I am ſorie.
Then how ſaiſt thou my loue,
my conſtant hart then proue:
From thee Ile never moue.
then loue a Weauer.

FINIS. *Tho: Neale*

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